

COGHLAN, NAVY HERO, DEAD

'Twas HE WHO FIRED THE FIRST SHOT AT MANILA

And Recited That Famous "Hoch Der Kaiser" Poem—Hear Admiral's Last Service Was as Navy Yard Commandant—His Story of Manila Bay

NEW ROCHELLE, Dec. 5.—Rear Admiral Joseph Bulcock Coghlan, who recited "Hoch, Der Kaiser" after the friction with the Germans at Manila Bay, died to-day at the home of Charles Chamberlain in Sutton Manor, New Rochelle, of heart disease.

Admiral Coghlan had been ailing for some time and frequently complained of pains about his heart. He had been confined to his room for several days and last night he grew worse. Dr. Gulon was called up. This morning the Admiral seemed to sink into a state of stupor. Death came soon after 9 o'clock Mrs. Coghlan was by her husband.

Admiral Coghlan went to New Orleans last winter for his health and seemed to benefit from the sea trip. He and Mrs. Coghlan had been living at the Schuyler apartment, in West Forty-fifth street, New York, and the Admiral was frequently seen at the Army and Navy Club. Last spring he removed to New Rochelle, where he bought the old John Bough house on Park avenue. The structure was being remodelled and was not yet ready for occupancy.

Col Robert L. Thompson and Carl Jungens, who are in charge of the funeral arrangements, said that the body of Admiral Coghlan would be taken to Washington, D. C., on Tuesday night and that the interment would be in Arlington Cemetery on Wednesday. There will be a military funeral. The services will be in St. John's Church, Graham Coghlan, the Admiral's son, who lives in San Francisco, has been telegraphed for and it is hoped that he will be able to attend the funeral.

Capt. Coghlan, commanding the cruiser Raleigh, not only fired the first shot in the Spanish-American war in the Far East but also the last batteries there. The story of his part in the battle of Manila Bay told to a Star reporter not long before his death.

"It was a beautiful night," he said, "calm, still, cloudy, the moon shining through a haze, an ideal night for a quiet stroll along a peaceful lane. We steamed slowly and as we came near the bay the Spaniards detected us, for we saw their signal lights flashing, carrying word along that we were coming.

"As the Olympia steamed past the island of Corregidor more rockets were seen. We were at what we call quarters, that is, cleared away and ready for action, the men at their stations and waiting for developments; and it is the most horrible waiting, to simply stand and wait, wait, wait for something. And such a something. None knew what might happen any moment.

"As we passed El Fraile I thought I saw a flash. One of the officers said that he had seen it some moments before. We thought maybe it was a signal from the insurgents to warn us of our danger. But then there was another flash and the report of a gun broke the stillness and a shot flew over our heads very close. Every man in the squadron declared that it passed directly over his head; at any rate it passed over us doing no harm.

"I didn't want to bring the fleet into an engagement just then lest they might locate us too accurately. The battery out loose a second and third time, and finding no other way out of it I let them have a shot, and that is how the Raleigh fired the first American gun of the campaign.

Of the start of the battle Capt. Coghlan said: "Signals flashed all night long. At dawn—and day breaks in the tropics, as Kipling says, 'like a clap of thunder'—we were off to Manila city. All of us were out scanning the bay with our glasses looking for the Spanish fleet, but much to our surprise and disgust none appeared. The report of a gun called my attention to the right side of the bay, and there close in, sheltered by the fortifications of Cavite, some six miles away, we saw the entire Spanish fleet.

"As we turned in front of the city, about three and a half miles away, Admiral Dewey made the signal 'Prepare to engage the enemy' and a few minutes later we were breaking our battle flags. Every mast and peak that would hold a flag was decorated—not the kind that you see hereabout, but those that cover half the side of a house. We wanted the Spaniards to make no mistake as to what we were carrying. It was an inspired thought to see the whole squadron unfurling its flags to the breeze, and the ships sailing majestically and their splendor.

"The sharp guns on the water front began firing. They threw many ten inch shells over us, but did no harm. Without agreement, each officer acting for himself, no answer was made to the fire from the shore batteries on account of the women and children. 'Therefore no one replied until the Concord came up and Capt. Walker fired a couple of shots back at them. He merely informed the spectators and foreign gunners that we were still awake and not passing in review.

"We had come up head on, the Olympia leading, and had to turn so that the squadron made an arc of a circle; the vessels sailing majestically along, paying no attention to the great guns now booming from the shore both at Cavite and Manila. The Olympia was some thirty minutes under this fire before she got a chance to reply. We were 10,000 miles from home and had to be saving with ammunition because it would be a long time before any more could be got. My ship was under fire thirty-seven minutes before she could open a gun, and to most of us it seemed like the thirty-seven years.

Spending of the Spanish fleet Capt. Coghlan said: "They had hemmed themselves in with torpedoes and with old barges in front of them to support great chains from one to another. This they thought would prevent our coming in; about as much hindrance if our ships had wanted to go in there as if they had held up their hands and told us to keep away. We had them cornered.

"They were steaming around the enclosure. But without the slightest order—like a flock of chickens, some one way, some another, we had to do was to rain shells on them. There was no chance of missing, because a shot had no chance to get through without striking a ship somewhere.

"The five inch guns of the Raleigh were able to shoot six times a minute and I had five of them on a side. The other big gun—a six inch—could fire once a minute. Beside this were six six pounders peppering away at the rate of twenty times a minute, so you can

imagine the amount of metal we would send into those ships in fifteen minutes. And all the rest of our ships were doing the same.

"We would only cease firing long enough for the smoke clouds to blow away, for at times it became so thick we couldn't see. It often took fifteen minutes for the smoke to pass away. That is the reason we couldn't go to breakfast sooner.

"The Admiral in the Reina Christina got under way and came sailing down upon us. We could see that he had been badly punished. He came right at us and we opened on him all at once. His poor vessel reeled and staggered under the cannonade and turned the other way, steam escaping in many places. A running mate tried to tow the sinking ship to a place of safety.

"About this time I fancied I heard music from the Spanish ship. Certainly they were brave, I thought, to be making such a pathetic effort at being cheerful. An officer near me said that he didn't hear anything. That made me feel a bit queer. So an investigation was started, for I was certain that their band was playing.

"An orderly reported that the music was on our own vessel—relief men on the magazine decks 'bajo' row whenever the would take their violin, banjo or guitar down and play for their comrades, who were busy passing up ammunition. 'There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-day' and 'Dixie' were favorite tunes, and they put splendid temper into the men.

"We just asayed up and down in front of Cavite and whenever the Spanish vessels bunched up we rained in shot on them. We could see the shells flying into the ships and explode, the debris flying everywhere, and see men running about, falling or being blown into the air, and sickening, and finally very much to our delight the signal was given to withdraw.

"It was after this engagement that Capt. Coghlan reported to Admiral Dewey: 'Out of the jaws of death, out of the gates of hell, and only a little smoky from the trip.'

After the battle Coghlan told of an unusual experience with a sinking battleship.

"One of the sinking ships exploded from the bow of my ship. Their dead men seemed to be able to shoot better than the live ones. It was a ghastly feeling to think of those sinking ships filled with dead men and the guns going off every few minutes, and more so when the shells flew close.

"After the unpleasantness with the German Admiral, Von Diederichs, Coghlan, who had been in the thick of the fray, was rummaging through his cabin, which had been stripped for the fight, and ran across an Australian newspaper of ancient date, possibly the only newspaper in the fleet. No news had got in since the cables were cut, so he went through the sheet from cover to cover, and there was a hot time in the old town. It was 'Hoch der Kaiser.' It had been written a number of years before by a Canadian at a time when England and Germany were at war. Coghlan had a good memory and the poem suited him so well that he memorized it. That night after the officers had finished dinner, he cleared that Admiral Dewey came aboard for a visit. Coghlan recited the poem. It follows:

Der Kaiser auf der Vaterland
Und Gott auf high all dings command.
Ve Gott! Ach, don't you understand?
Meinself—und Gott!

He reigns in Heaven, and always shall,
Und mein ova empire don't you small,
Ein nobel baht, I dinks, you call
Meinself—und Gott!

Vile some need sing der power divine
Mine soldiers sing 'Die Wacht am Rhein.'
Und drink der health in a Rheinish wine
Of Me—und Gott!

Here's France, she's a warrior's friend,
Und don't you think she don't amount?
Meinself—und Gott!

She will not dare to fight again,
But if she should I'll show her pain,
Dot Elasse und (d) French Lorraine
Are Me—und Gott!

Von Bismarck was a man auf might,
Und don't you think he was a great auf fight,
But, ach! He was nicht goot to fight
Mit Me—und Gott!

Ve knock him like ein man auf straw,
Ve let him know whose vill was law,
Und dot ve don't stand his jaw.
Meinself—und Gott!

Ve send him out in big disgrace,
Ve let him know his fate, he's going
Und put Gubrit in his place.
Meinself—und Gott!

Und von Gubrit get svelled head:
Ve very promptly on him set,
Und told him to get up and get
Meinself—und Gott!

Der's grandda dinks she is nicht-small beer,
Mit Boers and such she interieres:
She'll not own dinks dinks hemphers
Mit Me—und Gott!

She dinks, good frau, some ships she's got
Und soldiers mid der scardet goat.
Ach! We could knock dem! Pouff! Like dot,
Meinself—und Gott!

Dei say dat badly fooled I was
At Petersburg, by Nicholas,
Und don't you think she was a fine
Und dupe, Herr Gott!

Vell, may be yah, and may be nein,
Und may be Car mit France gumbine:
To dake dem lands about der Rhein
From Me—und Gott!

But dey may dry dot ledlie game
Und dake der breaks; but all der same
Dei only will ingratie da fame
Are Me—und Gott!

In dimes of peace bebare for wars,
I bear der spear und helm of Mars,
Und care not for den tausend Crars,
Meinself—mids Gott!

In fact I humor etry vhim,
With aspect dark und visage prim,
Gott pulls mit Me und I mit him
Meinself—und Gott!

The poem was destined to become famous. Capt. Coghlan with the Raleigh got back to New York ahead of Admiral Dewey in 1899 and was kept busy taking care of the honors showered on him. One of the festivities was a banquet at the Union League Club to the officers of the Raleigh. Several attempts were made to get Capt. Coghlan to recite the poem, but it was not until after the dinner proper that he finally consented to accede to the requests.

The newspapers got hold of it. German newspapers in this country expressed indignation and it looked as if Washington would have to take notice of the event, especially after the poem was cabled to Berlin. It is said that after Emperor William heard the poem in full he had amused him and that he was not offended. Anyway no official action was taken and Capt. Coghlan never heard from the incident.

Admiral Coghlan was a Kentuckian by birth, with a liberal dash of Irish blood. Had he lived until Wednesday he would have been an old 70. He was appointed to Annapolis in 1880 from Peoria, Ill., and was graduated three years later. He married Julia Barbour in Terre Haute, Ind., and with one son, Graham Coghlan, survives him. He was second in command of the North Atlantic fleet from 1902 to 1904.

Admiral Coghlan is one of the best remembered executives of the Brooklyn navy yard. He went there first as captain of the yard in 1901. He remained a year and came back in 1904 as commander. His time of retirement was up December 9, 1906, but because of valuable service in constructing the battleship Connecticut and his knowledge of its details, President Roosevelt requested him not to retire until the following June.

Since then Admiral Coghlan has spent most of his time working out details for the parade of the Hudson Fulton celebration. He was chairman of the parade committee and had sent to Holland and got data which would enable him to build an exact reproduction of Hudson's Half Moon. In the absence of plans of the first Clermont, Fulton's sidewheeler, he had been studying old prints and ex-

pressed himself as confident that he could launch a duplicate of her for the parade. Admiral Coghlan's last public function was as grand marshal for the Fair-Sherman prosperity parade, the Saturday before election. He Admiral Coghlan had under his command the better part of 100,000 marchers that day—not drilled men—but he got the procession moving on time to the minute and kept it moving the rest of the day.

Admiral Coghlan was one of the best after dinner speakers in the country and as such was constantly demanded. He was exceedingly witty. When the New York Commandery of the Naval Order of the United States gave him a dinner, at Delmonico's in 1906 he got a fine ovation. "This is enough honor to take any man's breath away," he said. "I hope that it does take mine away before I get home."

SUES NAT GOODWIN'S COMPANY.

Warren A. Miller Says It Got His 5,000 Mining Shares by Fraud.

RENO, Nev., Dec. 5.—Warren A. Miller, formerly vice-president of the Nat. C. Goodwin Company, filed to-day a suit against Goodwin and George Graham Rice, charging them with seeking to defraud him out of a one-third interest in the company by compelling him to sell on false and fraudulent representations his 5,000 shares of stock in the company.

Miller asks that his stock, on which part payment has been made by the Goodwin company, be restored to him and that one-third of the profits as well as \$100,000 damages be awarded to him.

The Nat. C. Goodwin Company was organized for the buying and selling of mines and mining shares. Miller alleges that it got an option on the stock of the Rawhide Coalition Mines Company for 15 cents a share, that the company has already sold less than half of the shares at a profit of \$20,000 and now has sold or is negotiating to sell the option on the shares to New York capitalists for a sum not less than \$1,000,000.

Rice and Goodwin also are accused of having in the treasury of the company \$300,000 for distribution to stockholders, which Goodwin and Rice have removed to New York.

The rise in value of the option and the shares is due, Miller asserts, to the discovery of rich gold bearing ore which knowledge, he avers, Goodwin and Rice withheld from him.

Alleging that both Goodwin and Rice are insolvent and irresponsible, Miller asks the appointment of a receiver and that the contract he entered into with Goodwin for the sale of his shares be declared null and void.

ST. LAWRENCE FOLKS DINE

And Argue Whether Women From That Country Should Attend Next Year's Feast.

The speakers at the St. Lawrence County Society dinner in the wine vaults of the Hotel Astor last night were Public Service Commissioner John E. Eustis, who was toastmaster; Judge Ledyard P. Hale of Canton, N. Y.; James C. Nolan of Gouverneur, Assistant Superintendent of Schools Stevens, Edward Jones, Judge C. S. Ferris, Gen. N. M. Curtis and before they got through some of the others present. Among those possibilities were E. O. Hale, Dr. E. Stevens, Samuel Conger, Nelson L. Robinson and Joseph H. Ellis. The affair started off with the election of officers. Here's the slate:

President, Ledyard Hale, to succeed Commissioner Eustis; vice-presidents, Dr. Lewis C. Coffin, Herbert L. Gunnison and Edward A. Jones; secretary, Robert E. McLean, and treasurer, Alger A. Conger. The only real excitement of the evening came when Secretary McLean suggested that the next dinner be opened to women as well as to the men. Now it happens that the society holds two other affairs during the year beside the annual dinner, and women are admitted to both. So somebody got up right away and said that he thought for his part that the men ought to have less of an opportunity to get together and enjoy themselves. If they had put it to a vote it's a cinch the proposal to continue the stag would have won out, but they only referred the question to the executive committee with power.

ROOSEVELT EXCITES MONTANA.

Threatened Interference in Sulphur Smoke Controversy Reverses Everybody.

BUTTE, Mont., Dec. 5.—Protests from all over Montana are going to President Roosevelt against his threatened interference in the Washington Smelter smoke litigation on the plea that the sulphur fumes are damaging a forest reserve.

It is pointed out that there is practically no timber on the forest reserve near Anaconda, and in Montana the action at Washington is looked upon as remarkable in view of the fact that Judge Hunt of the United States Court has an injunction suit now under advisement. A mass meeting of citizens of Butte held to-night protested against Government interference. The City Council held a special meeting and took similar action.

A meeting of citizens of Anaconda was held to-day and a protest sent to President Roosevelt. The Anaconda Smelter is taking similar action and the labor union at Bonner, where the Amalgamated Lumber Mills are, sent a petition. The Business Men's Association and the Merchants Association of Butte have wired protests.

The Chamber of Commerce of Hamilton and Minnesota telegraphed a petition for non-interference, and protests are going forth from Helena, Bozeman and other places.

It is asserted that the actual damage to the forest reserve can be measured in a few thousand dollars, while more than a hundred thousand persons depend upon the mining industry in Butte, which would have to be suspended if the smelter were closed.

The talk of the President about putting smoke condensers or sulphur savers on the smelter, it is said here, seems to be based on a misunderstanding of the facts, as the smelter throws off daily several thousand tons of sulphur, and such a product could neither be disposed of nor stored. With the exception of the few farms involved in the injunction litigation there is no agricultural land and no forests of account within many miles of the smelter.

Priest Left \$54,000 in Cash in Banks.

ORANGE, N. J., Dec. 5.—An inventory of the estate of the late Rev. Ananias Wenzel, who was rector of St. Venantius German Catholic Church here, shows that the priest left property worth \$54,000, most of it consisting of cash in several banks. The only beneficiary in this country is the Rev. Camillus Wenzel, a brother, who is one of the Franciscan Fathers of Cincinnati. The bulk of the estate has been left to relatives in Austria. The Rev. John P. Callaghan found \$416 in the rectory when he looked over the effects of the testator.

Holy Name Society's Plan to Help Church.

The Holy Name Society of St. Bartholomew's parish in Elmhurst, Ill., of which the Rev. Jeremiah J. Healey is rector, will give an entertainment and reception at Warwick Hill, Coronado, next Friday evening for the benefit of the church. The congregation has grown rapidly since the organization of the parish two years ago, and the rector has requested the church to be under contemplation by Father Healey.

Pioneer Kentucky Miner Dead.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 5.—John Morgan, 81 years old, the pioneer miner of western Kentucky, died at his home in the city to-day. He was born in 1815 and was the first to open a vein in the Coal Creek section, died at Rock Hold, Ky., to-day.

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GRAFTING IN METZ'S NAME

COMPTROLLER SAYS HE KNOWS IT'S GOING ON.

People Who Are Feels Enough to Give Up to Fix Him Are Causing City's Debt to Go Up, He Tells Swiss Society—City Run on Bad Business Lines Too.

Comptroller Metz spoke about the debt limit again last night. This time the stage was the Swiss Society of New York's dinner at the Hotel Astor. The Comptroller said it was high time to quit attacking men and to attack methods, antiquated laws and business systems—high time to cut out jumping on men while we let the system go on.

"I don't know how long I will be in the office I am in now," the Comptroller continued, "but when I get through the system will be somewhere where they can't get it back to where it was, and there's some satisfaction." The debt limit, he said, was not a question of figures but of law. He said under the present laws that there was too much guesswork in the finances of the city.

"I'm on the job," he said, "and my guess is therefore the best guess, and nobody else's guess is worth that until the courts decide against me. I realize that they are coming down here with some investigating committees, and a whole lot of people have different ideas about how things should be run. I decided that the only way to settle it was by the Court of Appeals or by a new Constitution. So I put it into the courts before they got it there."

Of the present debt, Mr. Metz again declared that much of it was not incurred during the present administration, and spoke of a big dark debt left over from Mayor Low's term. One of the difficulties with the cost of the Brooklyn subway, he said, was that although the city owned the streets in Manhattan it did not own those of Brooklyn. Owing to the decision that certain taxes must be refunded, the Comptroller said he had enough claims for the Corporation Counsel and his men to busy themselves with fighting for the next twenty years.

"It ain't Tammany, it ain't the Republicans, it ain't the reformers," he said on the subject of what the trouble was. "It's just a damn poor business proposition, that's all." He criticized Low's administration for piling up debts for which the present administration has to pay interest and to lay up a sinking fund, while the tax rate was so low as to make the taxpayers think the city is saving money. "New York," he said, "compares favorably with every city in the world in the proportion of its taxation to its population. Another thing for us to try to stop." Mr. Metz went on, "is the man peddling pull—by that I mean the man who goes around collecting money on the street. He can't do it in certain city officials. I am peddled in this way ten times a day, and people are getting retainers for fixing me. Somebody's holding out something where I never see a cent of it."

"This again isn't the fault of the man who collects the money, but of the public which will stand for such a thing. You've got to go to a crowd of men in the office in New York as there is in the world. They all work hard and you'll find most of them in their offices at 8 or 7 o'clock at night. Get the clearest thing out of it and have a cinch. I've got an opinion from the Corporation Counsel's office on which I have ordered the hours for those clerks to close at 5 instead of 4 o'clock. "I may be accused of interfering with the civil service again, but I don't care about that. All this rot about city automobiles and things is rot—it isn't little things like that that make the debt go up. If you do the best you can you get unpopular with every grater and every fellow with a crooked deal, but I'll take my chances with the thoughtful people of the city."

The toastmaster was Judge William Rasquin, Jr., who was introduced by the president of the club, John E. Scharrmann. Other speakers were Dr. Leo Vogel, Swiss Minister to this country, who proposed the toast to the President of the United States; Henry Martin, secretary to the Swiss Legation; J. Bertschmann, Swiss Consul at the port of New York, and Oscar R. Seitz, president of the Liederkranz. Others present were William Michels, Titus Masten, E. G. Stahel, Louis E. Junod, Hermann Vogel, William Schramm, A. von der Muehl, Dr. Fritz Schwyzer, Dr. A. Schwarenback, N. Nussewiler, Dr. E. von Seitz, J. Waldmann, Charles Glatz, Dr. William A. de Watterville, Charles Einsiedler and J. H. Escher.

A stage had been built in at one end of the banquet room with a few snowed out of the city for the back drop and on the stage a young Swiss woman sang yodel songs and two young men put on funny looking crisp trunks and did a few wrestling stunts which got by the name of das schingen, and although one gets the other with both shoulders down before they get through, look in the earlier stages as if the object were to pull off the other chap's clothes.

SURROUNDED BY SHARKS.

Four Filipinos Rescued From Half Submerged Boat Far at Sea.

VICTORIA, B. C., Dec. 5.—The rescue of four Filipinos, surrounded by sharks, as they clung desperately to wreckage, was a tale of the sea brought from the Far East by the C. P. R. steamer Glenfarg. Capt. Carlos Kriebles of the steamer Dalipongan reported at Hong Kong that when his ship sighted the Filipinos clinging to a submerged barge. A school of sharks were swimming about them and even after the vessel had come alongside persisted in hovering about. The four men upon being picked up related a tale of suffering. Their barge had filled with water during a gale sinking to the water's edge and leaving the men exposed to the full glare of the tropical sun. Then the sharks appeared, and to the agony of thirst and the pangs of hunger was added the prospect of becoming shark prey. The men had despaired of relief when they sighted the Dalipongan.

Elderly Couple Burned to Death.

WATERBURY, Conn., Dec. 5.—John Sullivan and his wife, 74 and 71 respectively, were burned to death to-day in a fire in their cottage at Williamstown. The fire was caused by a kerosene lamp.



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60-62 West 23d Street

JEWISH NATIONALISTS DINE.

Hear a Fica for the Rule of Palestine by Their Race.

The Jewish Nationalist Club had a dinner last night at Clinton Hall and afterward several speakers discussed the question, "Recent Political Changes in Turkey and Their Relation to the Zionist Movement." Louis Lipsey presided, and among the guests were Dr. Schmarnon Lewin, member of the First Duma and signer of the Niborg manifesto, who comes to tell Zionists in this country of his personal experiences in Palestine; Prof. Richard Gottlieb, Dr. Isaac A. Hourwich, Dr. Sobelowski, the Rev. Dr. A. M. Radin, B. G. Richards, Jules Leutenky, Joseph Jassm, Dr. Byrkin, Leon Moisseiff, A. F. Grubman, Maurice Simmons, Louis Fanner and Boris Katzmann.

The principal addresses of the evening were made by Prof. Gottlieb and Dr. Hourwich. Prof. Gottlieb gave a brief account of the rise of the Young Turks, speaking of their utilization of women throughout Turkey as propagandists, their control of the telegraph and secret offices of the Sultan before the uprising and emphasizing the plan of decentralization of Sabba Din, who in his opinion is the virtual head of the movement. This scattering of power, Prof. Gottlieb believes offers a favorable opportunity to the Jews in colonizing and getting control of Palestine.

Dr. Hourwich advocated a self-rule by Jews in Palestine, which he declared would be superior to the best form of government the Young Turks could devise. He said that capital must be attracted to the country, and when he said "There are many men of wealth interested in the Zionist movement; there is Schiff," there was considerable appreciation at his little joke.

They're Still Finding Belle Gunness.

LAFORTE, Ind., Dec. 5.—Detective Fish, who is employed by Ray Lamphere's attorneys, left this afternoon for Chicago to run down a statement made in a letter received to-day that Belle Gunness is working as a cook in a hotel in the North-west. Sheriff Smutzer received word to-day that Mrs. Gunness is living with her sister, Mrs. Maurice Burns, of Tracy, Cal.

LEXINGTON TURF NOTES.

Seven Stud Farms Have Passed Out of Existence in the Past Year.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Dec. 5.—The last year has brought many changes in the thoroughbred breeding industry in Kentucky, as during that time no less than seven farms for years devoted to that branch of the racing game have passed entirely out of existence. And the loss of these establishments is felt more by the business world of Lexington than any other place, as the entire number were located in Fayette county, within a radius of ten miles of this city.

The famous farms which are now only a memory were the Oakwood Stud of the late Charles F. McMeekin, which passed under the control of Miller and Bishop, whose entire Millstream Stud was only recently dispersed; the McGrathiana Farm of Milton Young, lately dispersed; the Belmonts, which was sold by the business world of Lexington to James E. Pepper, now used as a tobacco farm; the Setorita Stud of Capt. W. Harry Brown, recently dispersed; the Alpine Farm of Edward Corrigan, recently dispersed; the Horse Haven Stud of the late Harry B. Durham, which was later used by Perry Belmont, whose horses were recently removed from Kentucky.

Aside from the passing of these noted thoroughbred nurseries the La Belle farm of H. P. Hendley is also just as breeding farm since the death of William C. Whitney and the removal of the Whitney horses to New Jersey and the farm is now on the market, as it is Mr. Hendley's intention to operate only his Belmont farm in the future.

John Offutt, for many years manager of the Meadowthorpe stud for Col. James A. Pepper, and still later for Mrs. Pepper after the death of her husband, has closed out all of his thoroughbred interests in Kentucky and left this week for Oklahoma. Offutt recently purchased a farm in the new state and will engage extensively in farming in that country.

Don't Send Coals to Newcastle

Send them this time to homes where children shiver and invalids suffer. We know the homes. Have you the coals? Send check to R. S. Minton, Treasurer, Room 311, No. 105 East 23rd Street.

A. FULTON CUTTING, President.

A. I. C. P. N. Y. Association for the Improving the Condition of the Poor.

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Riddance Prices on the Bankrupt COAT Stock

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Value \$100. Brocade lining.	
48-inch Caracul Coats	\$85
Value \$125. Brocade lining.	
36-inch Caracul Coats	\$85
Value \$125. Brocade lining.	
36-inch Pony Skin Coats	\$45
Value \$75. Brocade lining.	